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100

SIGNIFICANT QUOTATIONS FROM
DAVID AND LONGFELLOWA Contribution to The Citizen by
D. S. Brooks, Bethel

I am a lover of good poetry! It has always been a custom with me in preaching a sermon to make use of the musical lines that are attune with my measure. From my long list of favorite poets, if you were to ask me to make a choice of two they would be David and Longfellow. They were great singers. David's greatest song is the one we call the Shepherd Psalm. While I would not say that Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" was his greatest poem, it is perhaps the most popular and has been of the most inspiration and comfort to the world. Each of these poems teaches many lessons not found in the other, but together they hold two or three great lessons from which we ought to find comfort and inspiration.

The first thought which suggests itself to me is that both to David and Longfellow life was not a drift without meaning, but was an orderly progress, full of purpose. David thinks of a man as a part of a great flock. The hillside was before him, and there were his sheep which he had led with patience and care across the stream, up the trail around the edge of the precipice, carefully going through every little green pasture that would give comfort and refreshment to the flock and watching lovingly that no danger should come to any one of them. And so, he is alive about it, taking it as an emblem of God's care, he says:

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul."

Longfellow's note is very much more cheerful than this. He is not thinking of man as a shepherd thinker of a flock, but there is the same teaching that human life is an intense, real thing and is to be taken seriously. Man is in a procession he is advancing. He must grow, he must act with all his might, for great possibilities are within his reach. Our poet sings:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us further than today."

Both of our poets see God with clear eyes as the great saving background of human life. Man may hope, he may have confidence, he may go forward with courage, he may do his work with a trusting heart because God is watching over him and, if he will, yield himself to him, will take hold of his hand and guide him safely through all his journey. Whether we are rich or poor, whether we are feeble or strong, whether we are famous or obscure, all these are only incidents of the journey and have little to do with the great end toward which we are traveling. Old age may come upon us, but it is in which we live may be long or short, but it is the journey that counts. The shadow of the valley may be dark and gloomy, but the stars will still be in the sky overhead, and the God in whose bosom the stars are jewels will come down and walk with us in the darkness as a shepherd walks with his sheep. These thoughts are particularly impressed upon my mind just now, upon receiving the news that the wife of one of my cousins has passed to the other side. But death with lead to life and the evening chapters will only be a promise and a pledge of the great course toward which we are traveling. The note of faith and of absolute assurance with which these poets sing to us is a cheering David sings:

"He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his name's sake."
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me,
Thou art with me and thou art my comfort."

Longfellow, too, to us unworldly that man's march must mean the grave. But he also catches hope in the thought of God and feels the blood bound within him with inspiration and courage. He sings:

"Art is long, Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the burning of life,
Be a hero in the strife."

In both of these poems there is something a note that is of the greatest importance as a message for our own time. An hour a day spent in reading and in the enjoyment of art during the years would not only refresh and enrich the soul for later years, but would be like a cup of cold water every day of life.

All the merit of God is for today.

RHINE FORTRESS IS
SLOWLY CRUMBLINGStars and Stripes Once Flew
From Its Ramparts.

Washington, D. C.—Ehrenbreitstein, frowning fortress on the east bank of the Rhine opposite Koblenz, is weakening. Enemy guns have often shaken the lofty fortress but this time nature is making the attack. Recently huge boulders have loosened from its foundations, leveling vineyards in their path to the highway which they blocked below.

"It is nearly 400 feet to the crest of the rock on which Ehrenbreitstein fortress is perched," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "The north, east and west sides of the rocks are cliffs so precipitous that the fortress is almost unapproachable from these directions. The south side, though it has a winding roadway, also is not easily accessible. Where Stars and Stripes Flew."

"The central fort of Ehrenbreitstein thrusts castlelike above the double line of works surrounding it. The fortress is the successor to a Roman fort that crowned the rock centuries ago when Koblenz was a little settlement called Confluentia. A portion of the central fortress now standing has dominated the Rhine valley since the thirteenth century. In 1331 the French occupied the fort for six years. The most recent foreign flag to adorn its ramparts was the Stars and Stripes which fluttered over the fort from December 1 to January, 1923, while it was occupied by the American forces in Germany."

"Perhaps few spots in the Rhine valley offer more magnificent panoramas. Above and below Koblenz the Rhine shore line is dotted with quaint villages that resemble pearls strung on a silver string. Their steep, rocky backsides are well known to the world as the river banks the appearance of having recently been reached by a coarse instrument, leaving many rocky summits above the vineyards are castles—some occupied and some in ruins—which once echoed the voices of the great and near great of Europe in celebration of historic events."

"Although the Rhine flows between Koblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, the traveler views the town from such height that it appears almost at its immediate base. Three bridges, one of which is of the pontoon type, span the Rhine at Koblenz."

Old Koblenz is hidden. The city is snugly built between the Moselle and Rhine rivers with a colossal statue of William I mounted on a massive stone foundation, dominating the point where the two rivers meet. From the statue to the end of the city along the Rhine shore, there is a continuous promenade, rammed with shade trees and here and there studded with small flower-filled parks. The land side of the promenade is flanked with villas set in gardens, and quaint eating places, including outdoor cafes. There, while the traveler sips the finest of Rhine wines, he may watch Koblenz as from his elbow and the commercial pulse on the river beyond.

"What does Koblenz mean for a foreigner? What happened to the town that was here 2,700 years ago, are questions visitors ask. One observes few old buildings. There are no smoky smokestacks to mar the skyline punctuated by graceful spires of churches. The quay on the Rhine is clean and devoid of cargo and warehouses are conspicuously absent from view. "These questions are not answered until one penetrates the modern city and finds oneself in a small district on the banks of the Moselle, beyond the city of the Rhine. Here come mortal Koblenz is alive. Houses come and go from the quay, the nearby streets ramble under the pounding steel ring of heavy cart wheels dashing out the noise emanating from planes, paper and dye factories and chemical laboratories. This is commercial Koblenz and ancient Koblenz, its winding streets and buildings, though not 2,700 years old, have watched the progress of several centuries."

All the bread of life, all the rich spiritual delicacies that were ever fed to any soul, are for us here and now, listen again to these great lines of David:

"How preparent a table before me in the presence of my enemies:
Then thou shalt multiply my head with oil; my cup shall runneth over."
I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The same note—doing the work of today that both for ourselves and our neighbor we may make the present a fit godfather for the future—sounds with a still more fire and energetic touch from the harp of Longfellow:

"Trust no future, however pleasant:
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!"

"Lines of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

The same note—perhaps another. Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A fortress and shipwrecked brother,
Steering, shall take heart again."

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Exchanged

By SUSAN GIBBS

IT ISN'T often that Romance may be traced, to its roots. Usually it is not recognized until it bursts into bloom.

So, when Ned Christie told Helen Gage that she was to be his wife she did not believe it.

"How do you know?" she asked, saucily.

"Has your mother never told you about our earliest days—yours and mine, dear?" he asked.

Helen shook her head that would have been a riot of curls if she had permitted them to grow long enough. Ned was thoughtful for a moment. He was wondering why Helen's mother had withheld the wonderful story from her daughter. Knowing Mrs. Gage almost as he knew his own mother, he realized that she must have had good and sufficient reason for her silence.

"Well—is it such a deep-dyed secret that no one can tell me?" asked Helen, still saucily. She was very happy, very much in love and nothing else mattered.

"No. It's just—beautiful," said her mother, smiling.

"A beautiful as our Romance?" asked Helen.

"It is our Romance," he told her. Helen cuddled up in the big chair covered with "Then—tell me, please. Ned-die," she implored.

"It seems funny—my telling you this."

"I don't want to know if it's funny. I don't feel like listening to anything humorous," she pouted. "You said it was Romance."

"It is—the most beautiful romance in the whole world," he said, solemnly. "You were a tiny girl—a wee baby in arms—and your mother had wanted you to be a boy."

Helen sat up and was about to protest when he soothed her into acquiescence again.

"My mother had been disappointed because I was a mere boy when she had always wanted a daughter. Our mothers had been friends since college days. They had confided in each other and when each one was frustrated in her wish for a child of another sex—they still confided. I don't know just how it all came about, dear, but little by little you and I were exchanged. I would go to your mother for a week. You would come to mine and so both mothers learned to love us almost equally."

"Yes—and the fun I used to have with all your things," added Helen.

"Then we went away to college and—well, you know we seemed to grow apart. Your mother, for the first time, appreciated the value of a lovely daughter."

"How," interrupted Helen, in mock humbleness.

"And my blessed mother began to be proud of a big son. There was a certain, well-controlled jealousy in her attitude when I used to want to go to your house so much during vacation, and I noticed that when you came to visit us, your mother came along. It was amusing—then."

"But what happened after mother took me to Europe? Did they quarrel—or what?" asked Helen, serious now.

"Yes—I never knew exactly how it came about, but my mother must have said something about your belonging to her eventually, after all. Meaning, of course, that you would marry me."

"The idea," began Helen with asperity.

"Wait a minute, dear," consoled Ned. "It has all come out right, hasn't it?"

"Before you came back from abroad, your mother and mine had written many letters that cleared the situation for them and they felt that each child's name when you returned. They decided they were selfish to have quarreled and—well, that each of them had gained, at last, her heart's desire. I don't mind saying that I think my mother is getting the best of the bargain, dear."

"I can't subscribe to that, but I do think mother might have told me all about it."

"I believe she was afraid, deep down in her heart, Helen, that if you believed she had picked out a husband for you while you were still in your cradle, you would have none of him. She was wise in keeping her secret wishes for you until it was too late for you to loathe—wasn't it?"

"Ains't it?" answered Helen.

Algeria

The first impression of Algerian natives comes when sailors and boatmen swarm up to the steamer at the time of landing. They are a piratical and cut-throat-looking gang, decidedly picturesque, and anything but clean. Although descendants of pirates, they are considered awkward and stupid at managing a boat. In the streets of the towns are many oriental types—the Moors of mixed Spanish and Arabian blood have degenerated physically and mentally from the builders of the Alhambra being now mostly beggars and petty laborers. The Arabs, or Bedouins, "stolid and squalid" also look like conquered races. Most of the shops are kept by Jews, but the Kabiles form the largest part of the population. These men are of a pure mountain race showing traces of Greek and Roman ancestry in their complexions, and even in their laws.

HOW

"CANT" AS DERISIVE TERM,
GOT INTO COMMON USE.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"CANT" in the sense of a professional jargon or the peculiar phraseology of a particular class, sect or trade is derived from the Latin "cantus," meaning song, singing or chanting. There is no evidence to support the popular story, told as early as 1711 in Addison's Spectator, that "cant" in this sense was derived from the surname of Andrew Cant (1500-1603), a noted Presbyterian divine and leader of the Scotch Covenanters, who was notorious for the whining tone in which he delivered his sermons. The same story was later told of Andrew Cant's son of the same name who was principal of Edinburgh university and who died in 1728. Although the surname of the two Cants may have been popularly associated derisively with canting, "cant" is undoubtedly derived from the Latin.

According to the Oxford Dictionary, "cantare" was used contemptuously in reference to church services as early as 1183, "cant" in English was first applied to the sing-song language of beggars about 1640, a usage probably handed down from the religious mendicants who went about chanting. — Pottindler Magazine.

How Birds Employ "Egg Tooth" to Break Shells

Frequently it occurs to some of us not acquainted with the very thorough manner in which nature equips all of her creatures to meet emergencies, to wonder how it is that baby birds, whose soft, immature beaks are easily damaged, are able to peck their way to freedom through shells that are, oftentimes very tough and hard. Close observers have discovered that each tiny chick, whatever the species, is provided with a special instrument to aid it in escaping from its eggshell prison. This is known as the "egg tooth," and consists of a hard-pointed plate growing on the tip of the upper half of the beak. The "egg tooth," which has no other purpose than that of breaking the shell at the proper time, drops from the beak after the bird is hatched.

How "Leap Years" Come

Those exactly divisible by four are leap years, except the years ending a century, such as 1800, 1900, etc., which are leap years only if exactly divisible by 400, such as 2000, 2400, etc. The years 1016, 1320, 1624 and 1628 were all leap years. The reason for this method of figuring leap years is that the exact solar year (or time taken for the earth to revolve around the sun) is 365.24224 days. If every fourth year were leap year, this would make the average year 365.25 days, an excess of .00776 days. Consequently the present or Gregorian calendar provides for only 97 leap years in every 400 years, making the average year 365.2425 days, or very nearly correct.

How Eskimos Bury Dead

When an Eskimo dies his relatives cut a hole in the back of the igloo and take the body out that way, sealing the aperture afterward so that death will not come back to the home. They bury the body in a cave or rocky place, leaving their mittens with which they handled the body at the grave. They obliterate their foot steps so that death cannot follow them. Later they take gifts of food and garments to the grave, again obliterating their footprints. In making these journeys they go by circuitous routes, crossing a river or other body of water if possible.

How Denver Was Named

Denver is named for Gen. James W. Denver, who lived from 1817 to 1892 and was the first territorial governor of Kansas. Colorado was originally included within the Kansas territory, and Denver is said to have been the one who first suggested the name of Colorado when that region was set apart. He had been a California congressman, and then commissioner of Indian Affairs and served during the Civil war in the Union army.

How Glue Cleans Glass

An item in the Florida Exchange tells of using glue to clean greenhouse glass. A solution of glue was painted over the glass, and when it cracked and peeled off in a few days it brought with it most of the sooty deposit on the glass. The remainder was so loosened that it was easily washed off with the hose and a scrub.

How Damask Is Made

In weaving then the use of a single thread makes a single damask; two threads a double damask. The double damask weaves in the more desirable, due to the play of light and shade on the threads. However, a good quality of single damask is better than a poor quality of double damask.

How Texas Got Name

The name "Texas" was given to the state on account, according to tradition, of the fact that the Texas Indians sheltered and protected some Frenchmen, who found refuge with them at the time when the possession of the state was being contested by French and Spaniards.

STATIONERY SUE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TOM JACKS didn't suspect, when he got into the subway that morning, that he was stepping into the presence of the only girl who could one day tear his heart to shreds if she said "no" instead of "yes."

There were plenty of seats because it was just past the rush hour, so Tom sat down beside a perfect paragon in a delicate mauve costume.

Apparently she was a business girl, for she was reading over a batch of letters with business headings. And from the swift if definite glances Tom was able to get at them, he knew them to be orders.

To crane his neck a bit and was rewarded with a trifle more information. The firm name to whom the letters were addressed was "Sue Wentworth, Inc."

Arriving at his office he looked up the telephone book and found therein the name he sought. And after it was one word "Stationery."

"Joy!" was Tom's mental exclamation. "This is where I start in to buy stationery. Heretofore he had left this line of office supplies to the two girls who purchased typewriter ribbons, carbon paper, pencils, blotters, etc., when they required them."

Not so now. He went outside to a public telephone booth and called up Sue Wentworth, Inc.

A delightful voice, crisp, but pleasant, answered him.

"This is Tom Jacks, Inc., said Tom. "I want to know how soon I can get some office supplies."

"Well—my calling days are Tuesday and Friday when I bring my samples for selection."

"But I'm in a desperate hurry—not a sheet of letter paper in the office," Tom said, and in his mind's eye saw his well-stocked shelves; "is there no way I can get my order in?"

"Certainly, if you care to send some one along with my office—I can put your order straight through then."

"Since it's most urgent, I'll just pop along now," said Tom.

And if Sue Wentworth smiled it was only because she had so very many urgent orders—strangely enough mostly from masculine buyers.

Tom might have known her office would look like that. It was apple green enamel with black furniture, and there were flowers about—flowers at which Tom gazed darkly because he had a hunch from the variety of them they were brought by a lot of stupid men who perhaps came in when they didn't need stationery any more than they wanted a glass of warm milk.

Sue was placing her samples of letter paper and her big albums of envelopes before him and he started a random selection.

"I'll have some of that mauve paper, with monograms put on," he said. "My girls are both in need of some private stationery. And we want a dozen typewriter ribbons, some bill-heads and a few thousand envelopes. I don't remember all we need, but I'll go through the stock and come along again with the order."

"I'll come along on my next calling day—it will save you troubling to come here," suggested Sue sweetly. She had been taking down his orders in a most efficient way with apparently not a thought for the personal side of the situation.

"No—I wouldn't have you carry these great albums about like that. I can come here very easily—no trouble at all."

"I must say, all the men are very nice to me in that way, but I can assure you I am quite used to carrying my samples, I mean," Sue smiled more or less directly at Tom. "You see, I'm a business woman, pure and simple and expect to do these things."

"You are no doubt pure and businesslike, but you're not simple—not a bit of it," said the latest of Sue's admirers. And with that sort of personal note he thought it best to go back to his own office and break the news about the new stationery to the girls.

"But Mr. Jacks, we're completely stocked up—you ordered everything from pens to paper clips last month," expostulated Miss Smith.

"Ah, ha," laughed Tom; "but that was way last month. Anyway, I've decided that distinctive stationery in business is a great asset. From now on Jacks, Inc., will revel in the finest that's to be had."

And Tom Jacks, Inc., certainly did blossom forth in some pretty fine specimens of the stationer's art and printing. His associates began to suspect that Tom was acquiring temperance and hoped for the best.

But Tom wasn't acquiring a temper more temperate than he had ever possessed, which wasn't much; but he most certainly was bent on acquiring something that was far greater than anything else in the world—a happy beginning to a love affair.

And Sue—well, she just sat tight and knew that things were happening rather as she wished them to, but never, even on their golden wedding anniversary would she tell him that she had purposely sat reading her letters in the subway—hoping—well, just hoping for the very thing that happened.

Notable Point of View
A pessimist is a man whose notes are coming due. An optimist is a man whose notes have been renewed.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Leaves His Fortune
to "Perfect Babies"

Hamilton, Ont.—Parents of 90 per cent perfect babies born in Hamilton and the adjoining Wentworth district will be paid \$1,000 for bringing their children into the world under the name of Watson G. Walton.

The foundation for the establishment of a foundation which will direct the experiment in eugenics. Walton left \$250,241 for the purpose.

Prospective wives and husbands wishing to enroll in the foundation must submit to physical and mental examinations, establishing their fitness to marry. They must be residents of this city, or county, for one year prior to enrollment.

Children of such parents, reaching the age of twelve, are examined by the foundation. If found 99 per cent perfect, physically and mentally, the parents receive \$500. At the age of twenty-one, the procedure is duplicated and again, if the offspring fulfills the required 99 per cent average, the parents are awarded \$500.

In his will Walton said he wished to do something "for the better education of mothers toward bringing children of a higher standard of health and mentality."

U. S. Revenue Dropped
Off Billion in 1931

Washington.—Internal revenue collections dropped more than a billion dollars in 1931 as compared with 1930, the Treasury department reported.

Tax revenues from all sources last year amounted to \$1,014,054,022 while in 1930 they totaled \$2,032,000,000. The biggest drop was in income taxes, though revenues from this source still accounted for most of the receipts.

The report shows a total of \$1,229,035,467 in income taxes was collected last year as compared with \$2,332,668,303 in 1930.

Of this amount \$800,908,537 was collected from corporations and \$428,229,929 from individuals in 1931. During the previous year corporations paid \$1,000,372,611. This shows a drop of almost 50 per cent in income taxes paid by individuals.

At no time of the day, noon hour, was a customer for the head of the con told that he was, of able, Kammerer, who this business almost never relaxed his hold. "Nine and ten today's work, he gave it to me, and, importantly, of children to the contrary."

"Aesop, just think, our been to Europe six times. Don't you think it high entitled to just one holiday?"

"You're right, mother. I'm planning. Next summer the young ones and see. "Father, you've been six years, now."

"I mean it this time, time we were beginning thing out of it. Next the business can spare it."

The children, high-spirited, were also of a easily said, it's up to you to come over with us. You two darlings must be long as home grown."

"Never you mind, child, ther and I are going to Italy with you next June to us."

And, finally, although said, she didn't actually they were on the boat, family, four strong, old European trip, which it had been contemplated, dressing, for at least their married lives.

The youngsters, pompous form of travel and education whom the voyage was an upon this one in the the adventure of experience by the hand.

Within twenty-four hours Aesop Kammerer was being swung through, riding to the glitchee high-culture, effervescent who were determined on "how it was done."

The results need not be pricing, but they smote Kammerers with something humiliated dismay. The who, according to all precedents, should have the time of their lives, selves overwhelmed with found sense of inferiority, seen their ill fortune to be.

Accustomed in their habit to position of authority in business recognition, being led around by the speak, by two youngsters, versed in aspects of life and had never even heard.

It was one thing to be Robert recite the expected summer travels, year after they returned from the various vacations afforded their stay-at-home parent another matter to come with these wonders of civilization; wonders to which were humbled, and as Mother Kammerer flung to her husband, like two of Dubuque.

Their mutual admittance hearded from one another that six weeks of the trip one night in their hotel overlooked the Arno in Rome.

"Aesop, you may not be a bit of what we'd call 'dumbells' out of it. He had been sitting below, resting his tired head upon a pillow when the came, and he turned upon that defeated eyes she was lying in him for weeks.

"It's terrible, mother, face another art gallery cathedral and pretend to here that I know what it 1931! about have to sh ashes in an urn."

"And the degrading p

Two Dumb
Out of D

By FANNIE H

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WHEN the Kammerers were asked the question, they never the degree of humble admission, most de luxe in kind in town. Indeed, those who moved away like New York and Chicago necessary to write merer for certain delicate exotic spices, fruits, the able nowhere else.

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Two Dumbbells Out of Dubuque

By FANNIE HURST

WHEN the Kammerer children were asked their father's occupation, they replied "Kammerer the Grocer" with no sense of humble admission. In their city, "Kammerer the Grocer" was the most, most of the institutions of its kind in town. Indeed, there were those who moved away to metropolitan areas like New York and Chicago, who found it necessary to write back to Kammerer for certain delicacies such as exotic spices, fruits, that were obtainable nowhere else.

"Kammerer the Grocer" was not just the corner tradesman entering the green-and-tinted-needs of a small neighborhood area. Kammerer's banking, delicatessen, vegetable, fruit, and staples departments were so complicated and highly organized as any big business.

The stamp of Kammerer was the insignia of a housewife's ability to supply her family with the best.

Aesop Kammerer, while he did not actually serve the trade, could be found on the premises of the business from early morning until late at night. There were rooms if not particularly luxurious offices on the rear of the second floor, and he could either be found there, or in close and careful scrutiny of the needs of his various departments.

At no time of the day, except the noon hour, was a customer, asking for the head of the concern, likely to be told that he was out, or unavailable. Kammerer, who had built up this business almost single-handed, never relaxed his hold when success came. Nine and ten hours a day, six days a week, he gave it heart and body and soul, importunities of his wife and children to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Aesop, just think, our children have been to Europe six times now in all. Don't you think it high time we were entitled to just one holiday?"

"You're right, mother. That's what I'm planning. Next summer we'll join the young ones and see the world."

"Father, you've been saying that for six years, now."

"I mean it this time, mother. High time we were beginning to get something out of it. Next year this time the business can spare me."

The children, high-spirited twins of eighteen, were also of a mind. "Honestly dad, it's up to you and mother to come over with us next summer. You two dullness make us look aside, being so home grown."

"Never you mind, children, your father and I are going to France and Italy with you next June. It's coming to us."

And, finally, although as mother said, she didn't actually believe it until they were on the boat, the Kammerer family, four strong, did set sail for the European trip, while the older pair had been contemplating, planning, dreaming, for at least two-thirds of their married lives.

The youngsters, pampered in every form of travel and education, and to whom the voyage was an old story, set out upon this one in the high spirit of the adventure of experience leading innocently by the hand.

Within twenty-four hours after landing Aesop Kammerer and his wife were being swung through Europe according to the dictates of their two high-handed effervescent youngsters, who were determined on showing them "how it was done."

The results need not have been surprising, but they smote the parental Kammerers with something akin to humiliated dismay. The older pair, who, according to all precepts and precedents, should have been having the time of their lives, found themselves overwhelmed with the most profound sense of inferiority it had ever been their ill fortune to even conceive.

Accustomed in their home city each to position of authority and social and business recognition, here they were, being led around by the nose, to speak by two youngsters who were versed in aspects of life of which they had never even heard.

Aesop, Amy and Robert love and understand these pictures and the beauty of the architecture. There's just no use my pretending. Aesop, I don't know a Del Sarto from a Raphael, and the worst of it is, I don't care. I'm tired, papa. My neck aches from galleries as much as your feet do.

"The beauty is there alright, mother. It's just that we haven't had the time to prepare ourselves to admire it, the way the children have. The whole world's not crazy, traveling these countries over for the wonders of their art and beauty. It's just that we Kammerers the Grocers haven't had time to become anything else."

"There's something in that, father," said his wife, easing the back of her neck with a ministering of witch-hazel. "I long, just as much as you do, to be able to make the children feel we're up to it, but I may as well confess, Aesop, I don't know what it's all about. Take that lecture today in the gallery on Siemense art of the fifteenth century. It wasn't easy to follow what he was saying, father, the way it was for the children because they've had enough preparation for travel, to know what it was all about."

"Exactly, mother! While we've been at home, being grocers, our children have been preparing themselves to enjoy the things we will be outsiders from all our lives. If we don't hurry up and begin to lay the ground work for us to enjoy it, too."

"Now, what do you mean by that, Aesop?" asked his wife.

What he meant by that was to come as a great shock to the lives of Robert and Amy when they heard it, and the way they heard it was this:

One evening in the bar of the Excelsior hotel in Rome, over cocktails, Robert said to his sister:

"This trip is an awful frost, Amy. Good Lord, if I had known the governor and the governor's lady were going to be a pair of sawdust babies on our hands! Did you see the poor old mother flop down for a cat nap today in the house of Livia, right in front of the murals?"

"Yes, and it would have to be in front of 'In Guarded by Argus.' I wouldn't say it to the dears for worlds, but can you imagine how they would welcome taking an earlier boat home? We could hop down to Antioch then for a couple of months on the Riviera."

"I'll be the last to suggest it to them."

"Leave it to me, darling. I will know the mother like a book. She will jump at the release."

It was at this point that Aesop walked in on his progeny who were tossing off the remains of their cocktails.

"Say, Bob, say Amy, what say? Here in this envelope I've two transportation back home."

"Oh, father—not quitting us, are you?"

"No, you're quitting us. Ma and I have made up our minds to see over in Europe this year, and come on to the thing called the culture game. I'm going to lead you to children's home. Now, you've got to take charge of the fruit and vegetable department. A to Z. Amy, I've asked you to be in charge of the department and get you started up in the fascinating study of the department of rare and exotic spices."

"Nepe. You mother and I aren't going to need you around for the little while. We're going to get ourselves ready, the way you did you to know what it's all about."

And so it was, that the house of Aesop Kammerer, Esq. Grocer, found itself presented with a new member of the fruit and vegetable department and a new assistant to Miss Point, in the fascinating department of rare and exotic spices.

Two Chicago Bankers Prominent In Drive Against Depression



Charles G. Dawes (left), Chairman of the New Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and Melvin A. Traylor, Chicago Banker.

CHICAGO and the Middle West have a double interest in the success of the gigantic Reconstruction Finance Corporation which is now being organized in Washington following speedy action by Congress.

Charles G. Dawes, whose name is almost synonymous for the business community of Chicago will sit in the driver's seat as the active head of the great \$2,000,000,000 Federal corporation just authorized by Congress.

Another Chicago banker, a Democrat who is being repeatedly mentioned as a man of Presidential timber, has the distinction of making a vital contribution to the initial strength and success of the Reconstruction Corporation.

That man is Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, who was the first to visualize

and propose that the Reconstruction Corporation render some service to thousands of depositors of small banks which had failed during the past two years. The gist of Mr. Traylor's proposal before a Senate Sub-Committee was that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation be authorized to make loans to closed banks as well as to financial institutions and others needing its aid. Such a step would release substantial amounts of money to depositors whose funds had been "frozen" by the failure of such banks.

Mr. Traylor's suggestion made such an impression that it was embodied in the bill as finally passed by Congress. He, more than any other man, is responsible for the timely assistance that will now be possible for many depositors of small banks throughout the country.

Columnist Requires No Special Place for "His" Where a few more or less well-known Pittsburghers carry the bank- (names withheld for the sake of their dependents): A prominent musician carries his in an old-fashioned sedan, which he always opens at "arm's" length to let the molts escape.

The town's most colorful gambler packs his, which is big enough to require a rubber band, loose in a trousers pocket. Another has built-in pockets along the belt band of his jeans and in his vest, which hold a "last stake" in case of emergency.

A political figure of the Hill district is said to start the day with \$10 in quarters loose in a coat pocket. By evening he has dispensed them all to impetuous followers who park on his trail. An ex-pugilist carries his "knockout" in a case.

The grocer's of a movie right sort may be found in the right sort, just below the center. (Oh, that's all right, don't mention it.) And a certain colorful carries his roll loose in a pants pocket. He likes to hear it and his keys jingle.—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

How Ink Gives Evidence Ink plays an important part in the detection of criminals and in settling legal disputes where the age of documents is in question.

Modern blue-black inks can be distinguished by the fact that they contain blue dyes, which differ in quantity and nature, says Dr. C. Almsworth Mitchell, the handwriting expert. Chemical tests and optical examination enable the expert to discover their characteristics.

It is often possible to tell the age of an ink. The older inks had a watery effect, as compared with the crystalline and clear-cut appearance of modern inks. In claims for old peacocks documents have been produced where the age of the ink proved that they were not as old as they were claimed to be.

How "Hid" Came Into Use "Hid" is a contraction of the Latin word "Hidre" and literally means "in the same place." It is used to denote a repeating reference, particularly after a quotation to indicate that it is taken from the same book, chapter, passage or other source as the preceding one. In this sense the term came into general use during the seventeenth century when it was still fashionable to borrow freely from the classical languages upon the slightest provocation. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who suppose "hid" to be a noted writer who is fortunate enough to have his writing frequently quoted.—Exchange.

How We Get "Haltmark" To say of anything that it bears the "haltmark" of gentleness or quality is to impute to it the characteristics which are apparent at a glance to even the most casual observer.

The haltmark may not be a mark at all. Haltmarks may be such unrelated things as beauty of design or outline, thoroughness of execution, even integrity of purpose.

Today, the use of the word haltmark is metaphorical. Originally, however, the haltmark was an actual mark, a stamp, in fact, impressed on gold and silver plate at the hall or factory of the goldsmith's company, in England.—Exchange.

UPTON

Bar Barnett and Wilfred Richards have finished their job for Ed Warren in Hanover and have returned home. James Barnett has a crew of several men cutting telephone poles in Gratton.

The Farm Bureau met at the home of Mrs. Bertha Judd last week. Every member was present, also one visitor, Mr. Eva West of Erol, N. H., and the H. D. A., Mrs. Dora C. DeCoster, of South Paris besides Mr. Judd and three children. Mrs. DeCoster gave a very good demonstration of home made floor finishes. The Farm Bureau members gave a fitting Washington bicentennial program.

Mrs. Bertha Judd and Ronald S. Irons, the Girls' and Boys' 4-H Club local leaders, attended the meeting for local leaders at South Paris last Saturday.

Mrs. Eleanor Barnett is in Rumford for medical treatment.

The Grange held its regular meeting last Saturday evening with a good attendance. They gave a Washington program.

Mr. and Mrs. True Durkee have returned from Massachusetts and New Hampshire where they have spent a month's vacation.

Doris Williamson broke her arm while sliding Tuesday.

Ernest Sessions is working for Ralph Whitman on the other side of Billings Hill, and boarding at Walter Russ.

Harry Poland was in Bryant Pond Monday, also in the other part of Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jed Billings and family were Sunday visitors at Floris Poland's. There were 14 at dinner. A very nice time was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pongree have moved to Dixfield to live where Mr. Pongree has a job.

Asa Sessions has some teams hauling pulp wood from Spruce Mountain. Jimmie Buckman bought three Pongree's truck last week.

Eino Niskonen is hauling Pongree's hard wood to Myles' mill at Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell and Mrs. Lilla Stearns attended an all day Grange meeting at Norway on Saturday. A very enjoyable day was passed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stearns were in Bethel on Wednesday.

Miss Winola Kimball and Frederic Serphim enjoyed the week end at their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Allen have both been having bad colds.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stearns and daughter Barbara and Mrs. Lilla Stearns were in Lewiston Monday to have Dr. Miller examine Barbara's head as she is having more or less trouble with it.

Roy Wardwell recently installed a telephone for Hugh Stearns.

Mrs. W. C. Fiske is improving from a bad cold.

Rev. H. A. Brandon conducted the church services at the Clark school house Sunday afternoon, preaching a very inspiring and interesting sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill and family were Sunday callers at James Kimball's.

Ivan Kimball and Arthur Wardwell were in Norway Sunday afternoon.

Roy Wardwell was a business caller at L. J. Andrews' Monday.

Woodstock Farm Bureau held its regular meeting last Friday. The subject was "Vegetables for Health."

County agent, Donald Huley was present and gave a very interesting talk on gardening. Mrs. Dora DeCoster, H. D. A., gave a talk on the food values of vegetables. There were 14 ladies and a number of men present.

It was voted to send Mrs. R. F. Wildard to Orono, Farm and Home Week. The next meeting will be March 10. The subject "Quilt Craft."

Mrs. Fred Redman has been sick with the grippe, but is better now.

Mrs. Flora Cole and Mrs. Mary Cole have been having the prevailing epidemic but are better at this writing.

The officers of the O. E. S. and their husbands gave Mrs. Sylvia Judd a surprise birthday party last Friday evening. A fine time was enjoyed by all.

The Senior Class of W. H. S. held a whist party last Friday night with a large attendance. There were 12 tables. Refreshments of pie, doughnuts and coffee were on sale.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

Questions

1. Who wrote "The Scarlet Letter"?
2. Complete this Bible verse: "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;"
3. What is the technical term for soft coal?
4. What is television as applied to the radio?
5. Is it correct to say "I have a bad cold"?
6. What was the Boston Tea Party?
7. What new method of unemployment relief is being urged upon Congress?
8. What large city of the United States has been forced to close many of its schools because of its failure to collect taxes?
9. In a meeting conducted to parliamentary law, how is the constitution adopted?
10. What is meant by the face of a note?

Answers to Last Week's Questions

1. William Cullen Bryant.
2. —and with what measure ye mete it shall be meted out to you.
3. Lignite oil.
4. The carburetor.
5. No. The correct usage is "several" unable to understand this problem."
6. Alaska was purchased from Russia.
7. Albert B. Fall.
8. Brazil.
9. The chairman asks if there is any correction to the minutes as read. If there is none he announces that the minutes will stand approved as read.

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OUT OF DEBT

"To get out of debt, a start must be made." And the easiest and quickest way for the individual is the installment plan. Make reductions on your note at the bank each time it comes due."

BETHEL NATIONAL BANK
Bethel, Maine

a Child's Ailment—Worms!

Mother knows the symptoms—pale skin, especially around the mouth, then flabby, with flat appetite, nervous, irritable, restless in sleep, morning griping, the teeth. You may depend upon "L. F. Atwood's" Medicine to expel worms. Give small doses as directed. Your child will gain wonderfully. Buy of your dealer, for bottle contains 60 doses.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine Stops Headache in Five Minutes

A Wonderful Formula Ends Aches and Pains Almost Like Magic. Something Better and Safer! Thousands of men and women are now stopping throbbing, sick, dizzy, splitting headaches, as well as the excruciating pains of rheumatism, neuritis, toothache, etc., with a marvelous new formula that is said to be far superior to anything heretofore used.

It contains no aspirin, acetanilid, etc., and is absolutely safe and harmless. This remarkable formula, called A-VOL, is being prescribed by thousands of doctors, dentists and welfare nurses because of the quick, efficient way it relieves all types of aches and pains without depressing the heart, or causing any other harmful effects. A-Vol quickly stops the most severe pain, leaving the patient refreshed and feeling fine. Especially effective in women's period pains.

*To quickly prove to yourself that this is truly a remarkable formula, just step into your nearest drug store and get a package of A-VOL for a few cents. Take a couple of tablets right there. If your pain is not gone in five minutes, the clerk will return your money.

We guarantee to satisfy you when we accept your order for printing.

